

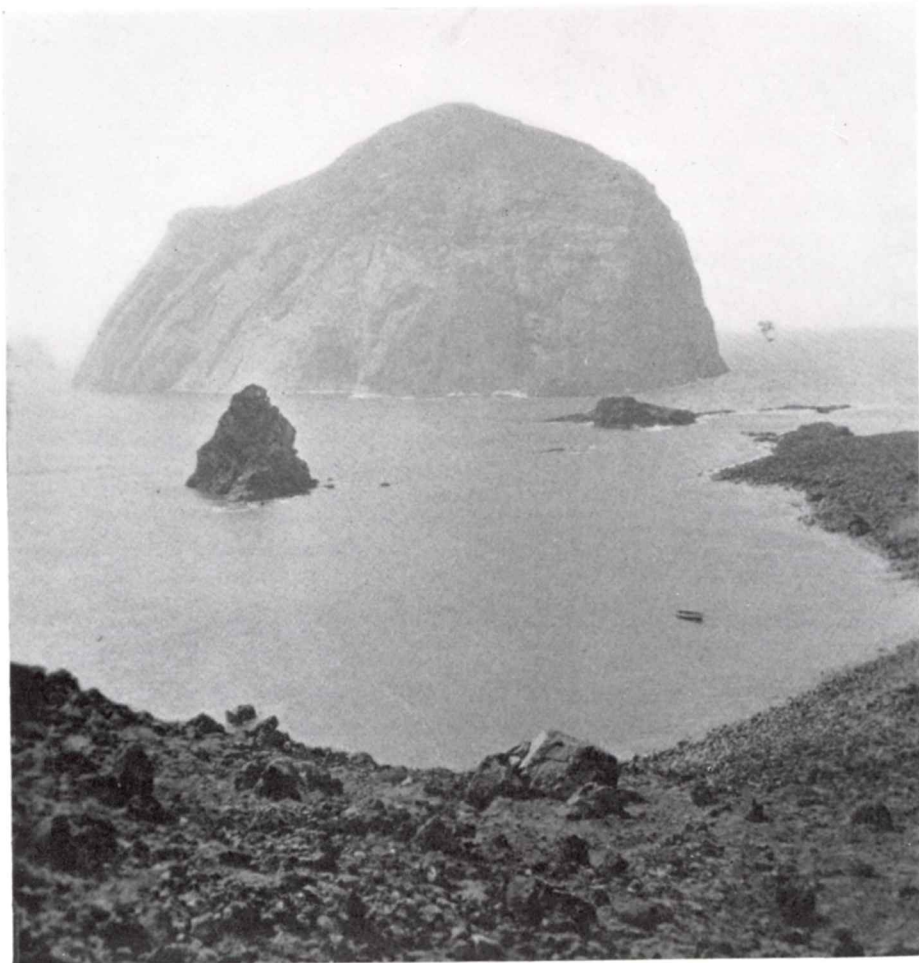
# PACIFIC COAST YACHTING



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**October, 1930**

**Price, 25c**



*The Inner Island from South Point. It is possible to take a good sized yacht through the passage in the background. The highly polished volcanic rock in the foreground, the colors in the water and the wild, frowning ruggedness of the island combine to form a beautiful and almost terrifying spectacle.*

# PACIFIC COAST YACHTING

VOLUME EIGHT

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## The Cruise of the Ketch "Evian" to Guadalupe Island

By CAPTAIN FRANK JANSEN

WE HAD contemplated a blue water cruise and had chosen as our destination the Island of Guadalupe 280 nautical miles south of San Pedro. While arranging the cruise we at first considered this island only as an objective, for when going deep water cruising one must have some port of arrival in view, as just sailing in blue water will grow monotonous in a short time. But, as we commenced reading up on the history of the island in the few articles that have been written on it, we soon realized that we had chosen an objective that held much of interest to the would be explorers.

The island of Guadalupe belonging to Mexico is located in Latitude 29°11'N 118°17'W and lies about 140 miles off the coast of Lower California. It is of volcanic origin, in fact it is the top of an extinct volcano rising about 12,000

feet from the bottom of the Pacific, 4500 feet of which are above the surface of the ocean. It has never been connected with the mainland. North and south it is about 20 miles long and up to 7 miles in width. It is the last home in the northern hemisphere of the elephant seal and formerly was the breeding place of the now extinct fur seal. At times the island has been inhabited, but as we had been informed only two American boys were on the island at the present time.

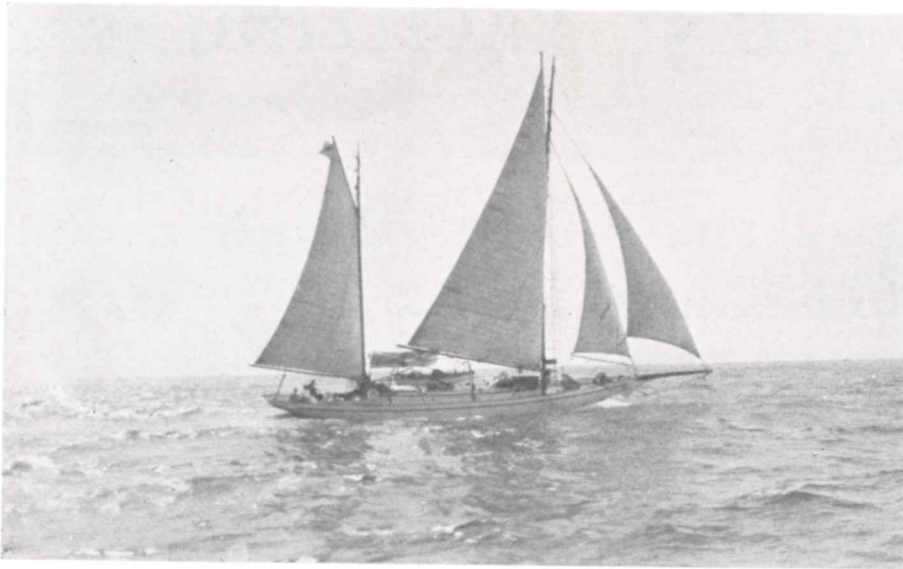
For our trip we had chartered the auxiliary ketch "Evian" 28 tons gross, 67-feet over all length. There were eleven men in the party including one deck hand and a cook. At noon Wednesday 12th of February we left San Pedro under power. Ensenada, Mexico, 140 miles down the coast was to be our first port of call. Here we had to enter and obtain permission to

visit the island of Guadalupe. The passage down the coast was mostly under power as there was very little wind. The graveyard watch found us close to the Coronado Islands just south of San Diego. Sunrise broke gloriously over the high mountain ranges of the Mexican coast and soon shed its warm rays on us, making it balmy and pleasant on deck.

The coast here consists of mountains rising as high as 4400 feet above sea level. There are no trees, the only growth is cactus. The coast line itself is partly white sandy beach, partly bold rocky bluffs, with detached rocks on which the surf breaks heavily throwing white foam high in the air. At 1 P.M. we rounded San Miguel Point and the blue waters of Todos Santos Bay opened up ahead of us. This is one of the most beautiful bays of the whole Pacific



*The "Evian" moored close under the cliffs at Northeast Harbor. The water is deep enough to get very close, and a stern line is carried to the rocks. This is the only way to keep from being blown out to sea by the fierce squalls that come up at night. The "Evian" was so close to the cliffs that the squalls all passed over her.*



*The "Evian" under all plain sail.*

Coast. It is about nine miles wide reaching from San Miguel Point in the north to Banda Point in the south, the Todos Santos Islands straddling it in the center. The water here is always pleasant for bathing and a hard white beach on which cars can be driven at low tide at very high speeds stretches for miles south. The little town of Ensenada is located in the northeast corner of the bay. We anchored close to shore near the pier where lighters, bringing in cargo from steamers anchored in the roads, discharge their freight.

The anchor manoeuvre was very successfully executed for the man dropping the anchor managed to do this so cleverly that he gave the master of the ship, who was standing near the starboard rigging a shower from the splash of the flukes in the water, drenching him to the skin.

After this happening everyone voted the first leg of the trip a complete success.

As this is a manana country, we had to wait about an hour for the port officials to come out and give us pratique. Their English was as moderate as our Spanish, but with the help of some American cigarettes we understood each other perfectly and were able to haul down the doctor's flag and permitted to go ashore. Ensenada a small Mexican town with a population of about 2500 is not very impressive. The greater part of the buildings on its Main Street are bars where the American tourist can quench the thirst he has imported from the United States. The most interesting building is the barracks situated near the water front. It is a large, rectangular adobe structure with a court yard on the inside where one can see the wives of the Mexican soldiers cooking frijoles or baking tortillas for their men warriors. Those of

the men who are not on duty as guards in front of the barracks were grouped picturesquely on seats near the entrance to the court yard, while a non-commissioned officer with two men, wearing uniforms two sizes too big for them with rifles on their shoulders which, judging by their walk must have weighed about a ton, patrol up and down in front of the building. Woe betide the person who would dare to snap a picture of this scene. He would immediately be put in the calaboose for endangering the safety of the Mexican army.

We reported our arrival to the American Consul. This gentleman has just been transferred from Nantes, France to Ensenada and had taken up his new duties on the day of our arrival. I asked one of his Mexican secretaries how the new Consul liked Ensenada as compared to Nantes and was told, "The consul has already found his new residence charming." I hope that the secretary did not stretch his imagination too much when he made this statement. To give the paid hands a chance to go ashore we took them with us in the

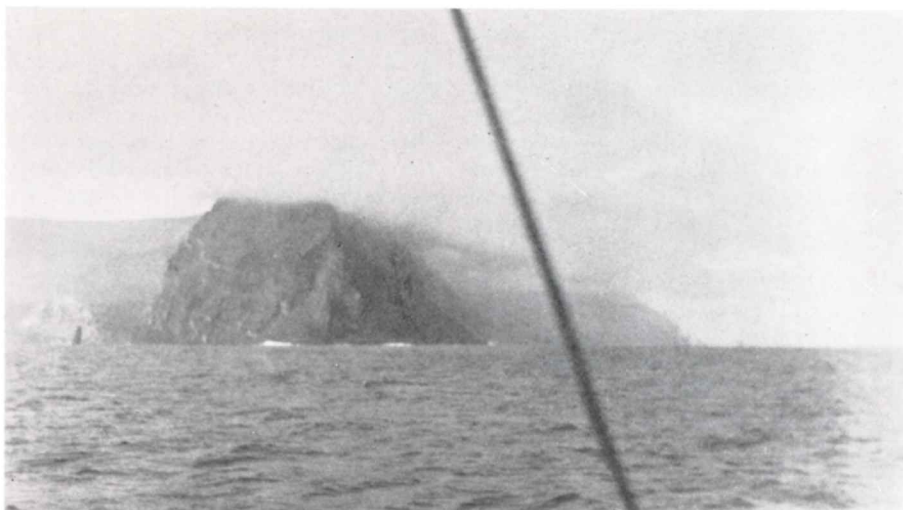
first boat, leaving some of the other members on board to look after the ship. The drinking water being very poor in this part of the world and as we knew that it was impossible to obtain water at Guadalupe, we decided to put in a good stock of beer and wine so as not to run the risk of dying of thirst. Being so close to the beer and wine here made it at first impossible to obtain a quorum of how much stock we should purchase, but two members of the crew soon put up the money and had a number of cases of beer sent on board including a few gallons of vino tinto and vino porto. This evening we had a dinner at the Fler D'Italia where five Mexican musicians played their tuneful native songs, which with the good food, wine and beer made a very pleasant atmosphere. We had set the time of sailing at 11 P.M. and had told our deck hand and the cook that we were leaving at this time, they staying on board while we were having our dinner on shore. By eight thirty we decided to go on board and weigh anchor as a favorable wind was blowing and a bright moon was standing on the heavens shedding its mild light on the waters of the bay. As soon as we came on board we placed the boat in the davits, but as the noise doing this did not wake the deck hand we looked down the fo'c's'l and found neither the deck hand nor the cook in their berths. So down went the boat again and a patrol of three appointed to search all the bars in town for the two missing seamen. After half an hour they returned with them and we left Ensenada at ten o'clock. As we had only launched one boat and kept same at the landing pier we wondered how the two men had gone ashore. Another American yacht was lying close by; calling over we found that our men had traded them a number of empty five gallon gasoline cans which we had on deck and they in turn had rowed them ashore.

It was the day of the full moon. High in the heavens stood the Queen



*The sea elephants basking on the beach and playing in the surf. They bob up and down in the water, just like people.*

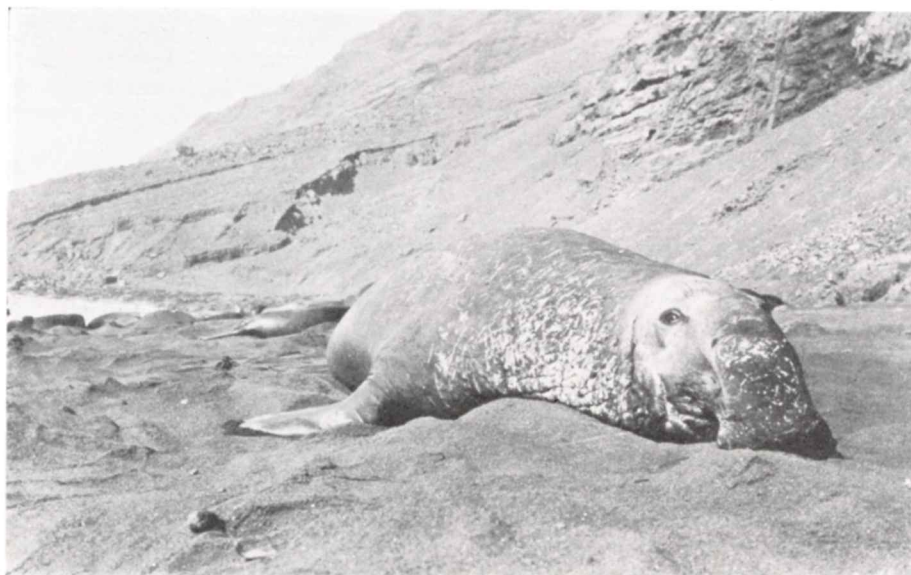
of the night, illuminating the bay and coast line with its silvery light. A fair wind was blowing and soon all sails were set, the motor turned off. Now only the lapping of the waves against the side of the yacht were heard and the singing of the wind in the rigging. Drowsily we turned in leaving the watch on deck in charge and falling asleep with the easy motion of the craft dreamt that we were back in Ensenada again hearing the Mexican musicians play and ordering another bottle of vino tinto. At eight bells the watch called us. The ship was now clear of the bay well on her leg to Guadalupe. The wind still on the beam, its force increased, we were logging seven knots with all sails set. The moon was near the meridian, Orion setting in the west while in the north the Great Dipper was high above the horizon. We sailed along merrily, with no sound but that of the sea and wind, excepting when the lookout on the bow reported a light of a steamer heading south on its way to Panama, or every half hour kept us informed that lights were burning bright. For one day and a half we ran along with this favorable wind, clear weather and a moderate sea being our companions. On the morning of the 17th of February shortly after sunrise, we made out the island of Guadalupe on the port bow. The top of the high peaks was covered with clouds, only the lower part of the land standing out bold and threatening. We were about 25 miles off the island. As we came closer we discerned the lonely rock which guards the northeast point of Guadalupe. From a distance it looks like the sail of a sloop and as it did not carry any name on the chart we called it "Pilot Rock" for it was our good guide in telling us which part of the island we had made



*Our landfall on the northerly tip of Guadalupe Island. "Pilot Rock" can be seen on the left.*

the land fall on. Soon everybody was on deck, full of excitement of having reached our destination way out in the huge Pacific. After breakfast we closed in on the land and as these waters are not surveyed too well, furlled all sail and proceeded under power, having one man on the cross trees to look for sunken rocks and one manning the lead. Soon after passing "Pilot Rock" we saw a number of houses in a cove, one having a tattered Mexican flag hoisted on a mast on top of its roof. This was the northwest anchorage we were looking for. Carefully we worked our way into the shore till we were only 150 feet from the beach and the leadsmen sounded seven fathoms of water. Here we dropped our anchor, took a heavy manila line and a chain ashore and fastened the stern with same to some heavy boulders, hauling in on the manila so that the yacht rode very comfortably

without yawing. When taking the manila line ashore we received our first surprise. While close inshore we looked over the side and there in the clear water, our oars nearly touching him lay a huge sea elephant looking at us with a very much puzzled expression on his face. To say the least, we were as much surprised as he was and as we did not know how he would behave if touched by an oar, pulled away from him. After lunch we landed in the cove where in the morning we had seen the houses. Here we found a cooking plant put up by some men from Las Vegas, Nevada, who had obtained a concession from the Mexican government to kill the goats with which the island is over-run and can the meat from them on the spot. The plant had been taken apart and some of the machinery packed in large cases, as if the owners had the intention of giving up the project. In fact the whole place looked deserted. A corral had been built on one side of which was the slaughter platform for killing the goats. Into this corral lead two wire fences about fifty feet apart which came over a ridge towards the south and then disappeared on top of the mountains. Later on we found that this fence extended about five miles to the top of the island where there is a spring 4000 feet high. The goats would come to this spring to drink and as they had to jump down from a platform to get to the water, commenced grazing down towards the valley following the two fences by which they were hedged in, as the jumping off platform was so arranged that they could not retrace their steps in that direction. In this manner the men in the valley were supplied with goats. How this scheme worked out in practical experience we do not know. A short distance beyond the slaughter house we found a weather beaten shed which now was used as a



*A big bull sea elephant. Note the scars of battle. We arrived in the middle of the mating season, when the bulls fight almost continuously.*

stable for some burros. On the side of the shed facing the sea was the following inscription in white paint: "Por Decreto Presidencial se prohibe malero capturar Elefantos Marinos," and for the benefit of those who could not read Spanish this English version was given: "Pro-Sea, Guard Pesca 'Tecale' Sept. 12 de hitit by Law, Kill or Capture Elephant 1922." Beyond this stable stood the old adobe fort and some other adobe houses used when the Mexican government kept a garrison here to prevent sealers from killing off this last remaining herd of elephant seals. The garrison had left years ago and abandoned the fort. The goatcannery had taken possession of the same and rigged one up as a radio receiving room stretching their antenna from the roof of the building to a high cliff close by. A steep ridge of volcanic rock separated this part of the rock beach from a sand beach a few hundred feet to the south. As we climbed this rock and looked down on the other side we saw a fine beach below us on which the sea elephants were basking in the sun. We descended to them and commenced stirring them up by hitting on their long flexible trunk. They would rise on their fore flippers, crane up their huge necks, open their cavernous mouths and make a quick lunge at us. If we kept hitting them they retreated towards the sea, using their front flippers to move themselves forward and pulling the rest of their massive body along with snake like movements, only that these movements were not in a horizontal, but in a vertical plane. After a short retreat they apparently became winded and laid down on the sand to rest. These mammals are a dull lead grey, except for the very young ones which have a beautiful silvery sheen. They do not shed their hair but instead the cuticle of the skin, which peels off similar to one's own skin after being sunburnt. When the cuticle comes off the skin is left a bright red. The flexible trunk, similar to the trunk of a land elephant, but hardly longer than about 15 inches is used as a resonator when making the snore like trumpet call. The females are far smaller in size and do not have the trunk. When coming out of the water the sea elephant usually shovels a quantity of sand over its back. For this purpose it uses its fore flippers, which are very flexible and much resemble the human hand. Walking among these strange mammals one seems to be taken back several geological periods to the age of the dinosaurs. They all seemed to have halitosis, as their breath was very malodorous when they trumpeted right into our faces. What an opportunity a Listerine salesman would have here.

On our way back to the landing beach

we found among the remains of one of the houses a fragment of a bowl carved out of lava rock. After hunting for some time among the debris we found the rest of the bowl. The same had three stub legs and a spout from which the contents could be poured. To all appearance it was of Indian workmanship, but as no existing records show that Guadalupe was ever inhabited by these ab-origines it is hard to explain how this bowl ever got there. The next morning the fishermen among the crew fished for smelt of which hundreds were seen swimming in the crystal clear water around the yacht, the rest commenced to explore the coast south of our anchorage using a flat bottom boat with an outboard motor for this purpose. A few miles down the coast we saw a large grey skiff on the beach and decided to land. The skiff was about twenty feet long, filled full of water and had two pair of new oars under the seats, its condition was perfect. It was similar to the skiffs the fishermen in these waters use and tow behind their boats. A frayed painter told the story of its having drifted here. We soon had the boat launched and took it in tow.

Near this landing we passed a canyon which a mile or so up the mountains had a number of palms growing in it, and also found the stone walls of a house, most likely erected here by the fur sealers of a century ago. On our way back we came across our fishermen in their boat. They had been trawling using the smelt they caught off the yacht as bait. A 15 lbs. yellow tail told of the luck they had had. They were now engaged trying to reel in another fish which they had hooked, but after fighting him for  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours the same broke their line. As he never broke water we suspected that it must have been a bonita shark. These waters abound with fish and as very few boats come here the fishing is exceptionally good. After lunch we explored the north shore line of the island. The coast here is very rugged. Black cliffs of rock fall down to the ocean precipitously. While in one place nature when forming the island had raised up from the bowels of the earth a huge block of grey stone, in fact it was nearly a mountain, so enormous was its size. In the aeons gone by wind and weather had made inroads into this soft material and created a lace work of rock which reminded one of the Gothic Cathedrals of Europe. Beyond this sand stone formation we came across a beach on which we saw about 16 sea elephants hauled out and basking in the sun. We again landed to see these prehistoric mammals as close as possible. Here a monstrous bull had found the favors of a young female. They were lying

side by side, the male having his flipper over the back of the female. Two other bulls were close by watching these two with envious eyes. We drove one of them backwards into this group and a battle royal started. The bull who had been caressing the female with his flippers rose up and attacked the intruding animal. Both animals trumpeted wildly, attacking each other with their large cavernous mouths, when the intruder thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, retreated and rolled himself lazily into the water. Here too we saw a number of females who were nursing their pups.

Returning to the boat we went as far as the northeast end of the island passing between "Pilot Rock" and the island itself. But here we were exposed to the strong northwest wind and a high sea and so had to turn back as the boat was shipping too much water. On Monday morning 17th, February, we decided to explore the top of the island. Before going ashore we looked at our lobster trap which we had set the night before, we found three Eels, one of them measuring about four feet, three lobsters and a sheephead in the same. The eels in these waters have a flat head and are of a dark brownish color. They remind one more of snakes than of eels. For this reason we usually killed them and used them for bait in our traps. The only one who wanted to eat them was Charley our paid hand. He said he had eaten them before in Antwerp and therefore had the cook prepare him some for breakfast. According to his story they tasted very nice. The nine of us landed in two boats, only Charley and the cook remaining on board. After passing the goat cannery and the old Mexican fort, we found a fair trail on which we ascended the first ridge rapidly. On the way we came across three more rock houses standing on a bluff with a view far out to sea. These houses date from the time of the fur seal hunters who came here between 1800 and 1830 to slaughter the fur seals which then amounted to a herd of nearly 100,000. The trail is covered by small volcanic stones between which the grass was sprouting, lending a bright color to the otherwise drab landscape. We passed many dead goats. Apparently these animals in the long drought of the summer had starved to death. These decaying carcasses explained the thousands of blow flies which settled on us the moment we stopped moving. At noon we reached a large valley. The trail now led up some high cliffs on our right over which in the rainy season a waterfall rushes. Here some of the party decided to turn back, for after all, they claimed they were

(Continued on Page 27)

## LOG OF SAN DIEGO YACHT CLUB

(Continued from Page 19)

BOAT	SKIPPER	TIME FIN.
Midnite Star.....	Breeland .....	3:11:01
Seward.....	C. Kelly .....	3:11:52
Jean.....	Geo. Jessop .....	3:13:15
Starlite.....	Ellis .....	3:13:57
Imp.....	A. Jessop .....	3:14:11
Blue Jacket.....	J. Jessop .....	3:15:26
Tiana.....	A. E. Childs .....	3:16:53
Scamp.....	G. Kettenburg .....	3:17:12
Windward.....	W. J. Doyle .....	3:18:05
Angela.....	E. L. Peterson .....	3:18:37
Jade.....	Bobbie Mann .....	3:18:42
Viva.....	Geo. Stone .....	3:39:00
*Butcher Boy.....	G. F. MacMullen.....	3:37:58

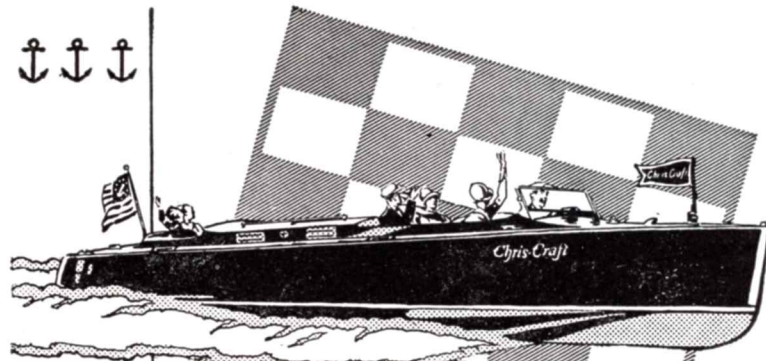
\*Started 30 minutes late.

The Starlet class is still growing by leaps and bounds. Last Sunday, the Sumner Brothers of Chula Vista launched their new Starlet "The Pal" and made a very creditable showing, considering that the boat had just been put into the water and their first time to race. Old time yachtsmen up and down the coast will be interested to know that these boys are the sons of Holly Sumner, who was one of the principals in starting the old Chula Vista One Design Class, and has been active in yachting on the Great Lakes and around San Diego for many years.

## CRUISE OF THE "EVIAN"

(Continued from Page 10)

yachtsmen and not mountaineers, besides, the cliffs looked very precipitous in the glaring noon sun. So three men remained behind while the rest, one of them carrying a gun to shoot young goats for our table proceeded emulating the goats by following the trails these animals had made. On top of the cliffs we found a large plain barren of all grass consisting of decayed sand stone. A mile beyond we reached the end of the fence which commencing on the beach 4000 feet below runs up to this point. Here was the spring we had been looking for, but instead of it we only found a water hole near which laid the carcasses of about 50 goats in various stages of decay. We were now only 600 feet below the highest point of the island which we could see to the west of us partly covered with Cypress trees. After consuming our lunch we climbed the last remaining ridge and had now reached an altitude 4500 feet. Here in a wood of cypress trees we found a



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camp with a tent, which was apparently used by the Mexican laborers which had been brought over from the mainland to cut posts for the five mile long fence used to corral the goats. The goats on

this part of the island seemed to be well fed. As we had our gun with us we decided to shoot one for our table. After picking out the most likely one in the herd of about twenty our best

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